

THE
STATE FARCE:

OR,

They are All Come Home.

In which is introduced,

A SCENE representing *Britannia* weeping in the
Centre of the Stage, attended by the Ghosts
of the Duke of *Marlborough* and Admiral
Hofier, being more applicable to
the present Times, than any
Thing yet published.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

*Queen Mab i'th' Night, worked Farces in their Brain,
Sent 'out the Fleet!—then charm'd them Home again.
Vide Britannia in the Ghost-Scene.*

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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Noster-Row*; and Sold by the Booksellers of *London*
and *Westminster*. M DCC LVIII.

(Price Six-pence.)

The Author to the Reader,

Shewing the Occasion, or rather Motive,
that induced him to this Publication.

DAY's Curtain drawn, the Night her sable
Garment wore, when Time's Harbinger pro-
claimed the Hour of Rest; *Morpheus'* leaden Plummets
closed my Eyes, and lull'd my Senses to Repose.

Then, methought, I was conveyed to a far distant
Clime, where Edifices innumerable struck my Sight,
vying with each other, which should claim Attention
most. I gazed alternately around as one astonished,
insensible on what he looks: But as every Thing has
its Time, Reason again re-assumed its Seat; when a
venerable Sage, whose hoary Hairs demanded my
Respect, gave me a Welcome to the Isle. Of him I
asked the Country, Religion, Laws, and Commerce:
To which he replied; As to Religion, we tolerate
many; and for our Laws, they are stricter made than
kept: Our Commerce formerly was great, but that
alas! is dwindled to so low an Ebb, thro' Indolence
and Pride, the Natives scarce can live by it; Fashions,
Brothels, Assemblies, and Plays, is now our chief
Delight, and animate us from our former selves. An
Instance may be seen this Night at our Theatre; a
new Piece is to be exhibited, to which, if you please,
I will attend you, tho' more thro' Courtesy than
Choice—but you're a Stranger,

I accepted his Proposal, and to the Theatre we
went, where the following Piece I saw perform'd,
which I took down in Short-Hand as it was spoke, in
Hopes, by this Publication, some of my Readers will
help me to an Explanation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

General Littlefame, Commander in Chief of the Land Forces, a Man more Proud than Prudent.

General Hardy, a Man of great Courage, and some Conduct.

General Stern, a Man of a quiet Disposition, not willing to hurt any one.

Admiral Kite, Commander in Chief of the Naval Force, whose Abilities are so well known they need no Inspection.

Admiral Buck, a Man pretty near fighted; fees best at a Distance.

Admiral Shift, a Man that can Drink, Smoak, and Talk of War with any one.

Capt. Strike, a brave experienced Officer.

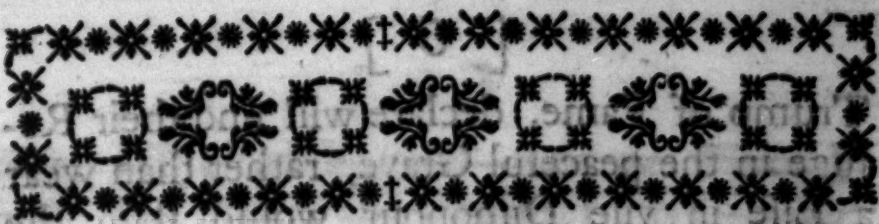
Sir John Oldcastle, a Man of great Business in the State, but somewhat o'th'r other Side.

Lord Lion, a great Traveller, has fought, but of late Years confined to his Elbow Chair.

Mr. Reynard, a deep Politician, tho' somewhat crafty; has done great Mischief.

Mr. Deep, } Men of great Parts, whose Principles
and } are hard to be discovered.
Mr. Toe, }

Soldiers, Sailors, &c.



THE
STATE FARCE:

O R,

They are All Come Home.

SCENE, A Chamber.

Enter Mr. DEEP and Mr. TOE.

DEEP.

ELL Brother—

W “Thus far Success attends upon our
Councils,

“And each Event has answered to our Wish:”

The Transports are come round, the Troops
embark'd, and the whole Armament, nume-
rous to behold, are floating on the Deep:—
Our Commanders are Men of try'd Courage,
and approved Abilities, chosen for this great
Design—Men, whose Bosoms glowing at the
Trump

Trump of Fame, declare will find their Refuge in the peaceful Grave, rather than wear a Life in vile Dishonour would stain the Name of Britons, or one Boon accept from the perfidious Foe.

Toe. Softly, Brother; all is not Gold that glitters; I have heard as much before.

Twelve Months are not elaps'd, since a chosen Ruler, chief on the Design, tho' least in Execution (yet loud in Talk as any I have heard) deservedly met an ignominious Fate, and yielded Life in Forfeit to a Law himself had made——himself had broke.

Deep. Brother, let the Dead rest; our Thoughts at present should surmount the Grave; the Living to the Dead must be prefer'd, as it is by them, and the all-seeing Eye of Providence alone, our Wrongs can be redress'd. Man in himself is frail, and cannot at all Times vouch for his Courage or his Conduct.—I have Things in Memory would puzzle a Philosopher to pry into—what are our last Campaigns, but Mockeries of War, a Puppet-Farce, ending in Shew and national Distress?

Toe. Agreed——I guess your Hint, my Lord—*Loud.* and *Billy Bigg* for that.

Deep. Mum!—we're not alone.

Enter Reynard, in haste.

Rey. Gentlemen your Pardons——I intrude upon your Privacy, but my Business, I hope,

hope, will plead Excuse—At your Office I found this Paper, the Courier from G—y just left!

Deep. Without a Seal!

Rey. Our Secret, Sir, is failed—Would they were at Home again! [*Aside.*] And this is of so great Moment, it loses Time to open; that I suppose is the Reason it was not seal'd—it comes from General Bigg, Sir; Read.

Deep. [*Reads.*]—“Sir—I have fought
 “damnably; march’d till I sweat again; and
 “exercis’d my Men (I mean what’s left)
 “Day and Night for their Country’s Good.
 “A reasonable Man would think they were
 “tired, but I believe the Devil’s in them;
 “for I led them on for three Days within
 “Gun-shot of the Enemy, till Lord knows
 “how many were knock’d o’th’Head, yet
 “they cry’d to be led on again: But I
 “match’d them for that, remembering an
 “old Saying, *the Pitcher never goes so oft*
 “*to the Well, but it comes Home broke at*
 “*last*, which might be the Case with me,
 “so I draw’d them off—But those *French-*
 “*men* love fighting devilishly, for when they
 “miss’d us, they went to killing one another,
 “and God knows how many fell—for I
 “did’nt stay to see: But in the Morning I
 “call’d a Council of War, and we agreed
 “to make Peace with them when we came
 “to

“ to *St—de*, lest they should disturb our
 “ sleeping of Nights, as they had done here-
 “ tofore. The following are the Articles I
 “ have signed, which I believe you’ll say are
 “ wise ones.—1st, I’m not to fight against
 “ them for a Year—so you may as well
 “ send for me Home.—2^{dly}, I’m to find
 “ them in Provision for three Years—which
 “ you know is reasonable, for they can’t live
 “ without eating,——3^{dly}, You must call
 “ Home your S——t E——n; for it is not
 “ customary, they say, to do things unknown
 “ to them.—And 4^{thly}, I am kept here
 “ an Hostage for the Performance of all this;
 “ so if you have any Design I shall see my
 “ native Country again, call the F——t home,
 “ and send for me directly, and you’ll oblige

“ *Your faithful General,*

“ **BILLY BIGG.**”

Deep. [Pausing] What’s to be done?

Rey. Call the Fleet Home to be sure!—
 We must not lose our General. I met Sir
John Oldcastle and my Lord *Lion*, and they
 are of my Opinion; and said, they should
 proceed with the utmost Diligence about it,
 for Delays are dangerous.—O, here they
 come.

Enter

Enter Old Castle and Lord Lion.

O. C. Gentlemen your Servant, I am glad I have found you here, because our Interviews, if known of late don't please the Populace, — *Mr. Reynard* yours; have you communicated this Affair?

Rey. Yes, Sir, and it is agreed the Fleet shall be recall'd.

Lion. Then I'll go Home and write—

O. C. Hold, my Lord; here is another Affair that must be settled. Gentlemen, how do you propose the Army in *H—r* shall be maintained? The People (insensible of their Country's Good) already grumble at their Taxes.

Lion. Feed them well, whatever you do, 'twill gain us Reputation.

Rey. Leave them to me; our People are a dissatisfied Crew, I will allow, but yet there is a Way to manage them—I'll shew them the Grapes, and get the Purchase, which they'll not find to be sour till the Gathering — and then the Money will be spent.

O. C. I don't understand.

Rey. Then I'll explain — a Lottery! — there is so many Charms in Ten Thousand Pounds, the People will stick at nothing for a Chance.

B

O. C.

O. C. Right; that's settled.

Deep. Hold Gentlemen; — I can by no Means approve of this, it is an open Violation to the Laws of our Country. Self-preservation is the first Call of Nature; and where is the Reason in distressing ourselves to feed an Enemy?

Toe. Very true; besides our Substance has been too much exhausted among them already, for to my Knowledge Beef has been shipp'd to them from *C——k* and *W——d* ever since the Commencement of the War: Witness the Barrels in every Vessel our loyal Subjects brought in.

O. C. Gentlemen your Argument is of no Effect, the Disease is desperate; for instance, if the Fleet be not recall'd, Mr. *Bigg* will be detain'd Prisoner of War, which will not only bring a Scandal, but an Expence, upon the Nation that must be paid.

Toe. Consider, Sir, the Complaints of the Poor throughout the Nation——

Lion. The Nation be damn'd Sir! Are we to lose our Honour and our General for the Populace! I will recall the Fleet, the Power is mine.

Toe. Sir, these ill-concerted Measures there is no Excuse for, and who so fit to suffer as the Aggressor. Better, O, better for thee, unhappy *E——d*! *H——r* had never been.

Lion.

[II]

Lion. Don't mind him Sir; because he is free of the whole Country, he would have no Place live beside it. Every Dog has his Day ——— it may be ours next.

Deep. Jealousy is a reigning Passion, Sir; yet our Services will, in the Scale of Justice, outweigh your Expedition at any Time; and Query, but for the *A——a*, if there had been such a Man as Lord *Lion* now.

Lion. Sir, your Language favours Disrespect; and might urge a Quarrel, were it not for my Aversion to civil Broils.

Deep. Then do not urge it, Sir; for I have a Sword, my Arm's good old Acquaintance, that cannot brook Affronts.

Lion. Villain! this to me? [*Drawing.*

Deep. Come on, Sir! [*Drawing.*

Key. Hold Gentlemen, what are you about? [*Holding Lion.*

O. C. Hold — for Shame put up your Swords; is this a Time for private Piques? *Mr. Deep.* my Lord, consider this, a House divided against itself, can never stand — be Friends, I beseech you.

Lion. Shall I bear this from one, Sir, the Populace has dignified? who, possess'd with a blind Zeal, could not see on whom they bestowed their Freedoms!

Deep. Unhand me, Sir —

[*Toe, holding him.*

Toe. Revenge is due to injured Honour, but take another Time;—*Mr. Reynard* knock down their Swords.

Rey. Dear Gentlemen, desist.

Deep. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take this Opportunity to shew your Vanity, let's meet some other Time; where, by ourselves, we fairly may dispute our Wrongs together.

Lion. Agreed!

O. C. Come, Gentlemen, lay aside your Wrath, the Business of the State requires your Aid; and say, at once, on what we shall conclude.

Deep. To Power I submit—call home the Fleet.

Omnes. Call home the Fleet!

O. C. Thanks, worthy Sirs, our General now is safe, and it behoves well he should be so.

Deep. But, how shall we appease the Public? Who, big with Expectation, wait the Event of the Expence and mighty Preparation.

Rey. That Task is mine; *Reynard* is seldom at a Loss.—Keep our Conference but as secret as the Expedition, and depend on't our Resolves will never be discover'd.

*In Public, tho' each other we defame,
In Private, we are one and each the same.*

[Exeunt Omnes.]

SCENE

SCENE II. *An open Place.*

At one Side of the Stage rises the Ghost of Marlborough, at the other Admiral Hosier's—Britannia in the Centre weeping.

BRITT. *Arise! my Sons, your drooping Country view,*

*Opprest with Woes, I mourn the Loss of you.
Worthy of Trust, I cannot boast of one,
Alas! I live to see myself undone.*

MARL. *My Country's Foes with Honour I
subdu'd;*

*Nor was my Name with Treachery embru'd.
I gain'd my Honour by a just Discharge
Of martial Trust, which Honours to enlarge,
Were I in Flesh again, your Foe should know
Merit's acquir'd without a mighty Show*.*

Hos. *Does Treachery in England yet abound?*

To my sad Case a Parallel can't be found:

My Country's Foes with Vigor I oppos'd;

But when my Orders came to be disclos'd,

*Tongue can't express the sore Heart-wound-
ing Sight!*

I reading found my Orders—not to fight.

* The Expedition.

Struck

*Struck to the Soul, the Sea was made my
Grave,
And for my Winding-sheet, there came a
Wave.*

BRITT. *Your Fate I mourn, O! would the
silent Grave*

*Render you back, your Country now to save!
You and my Marlborough would the Foe
subdue,*

*For Oh! on Earth, I have not one that's
true.*

*The E——n tho' a Secret kept,
Was sure a Dream, while every Member
slept;*

*Queen Mab, i'th' Night, work'd Farces in
their Brain,*

*Sent out the F——t!—then charm'd them
Home again.*

MARL. *The Night wears on, and warns me
from this Place;*

*Yet Marlborough mourns Britannia's hapless
Case.*

*Could I again this earthly Form assume,
I'd free the Land from Pestilence to come.*

*But Caution take, you'll shun approaching
Fate,*

'Tis selfish M——s undoes your State.

Hos.

Hos. *This Hosier warns, whose Time 'tis to depart,*

Give Merit Fame, and Cowards their Desert:

Then will your Navy flourish o'er the Main,

The Foe subdue, and be themselves again.

[The Ghosts vanish, and the Curtain drops.]

SCENE III. *The Bay of Biscay.*

The Fleet lying at Anchor, within two Leagues of the Island of Aix.

Ad. Kite. Pipe all Hands to Orders; let the Men know their Doom, and disembark them.

The Boatswain pipes, and an Officer reads:

No Soldier shall pass beyond the Centries of the Camp, but with an Officer, on Pain of being shot.

Any Soldier that shall leave his Platoon without Permission from his Officer, shall suffer Death.

All Maroders and Plunderers, without Permission from the Commander in Chief, shall suffer Death.

Any Man who flies from his Colours, shall be counted a Disobeyer of Military Orders, and suffer Death.

Ad.

Ad. K. It does not signify reading more, tell the Men at once, that do what they will they are to be shot—then call a Council of War, and let's about it.

Lieu. The *Magnanime* has begun the Attack, Sir, and that so briskly, the whole Vessel seems on Flame.

Ad. K. Call him off! Sure the Devil's in the Man to run himself in Danger.—Mercy on me, how dreadful it looks!

Lieut. The *Barfleur* is bearing down to his Assistance; by which means Captain *Strike* may disembark his Men.

Ad. K. Aye! They'll be all knock'd o'th' Head; call a Council of War, I won't have another Ship engage.

Sailor. [From the Top] A Sail! A Sail!

Ad. K. What is she?

Sail. A Seventy-four Gun Frenchman.

Ad. K. Let her go—there is nothing to be got of her, but Blows.

Sail. The Fort has struck, Sir, and Part of the Men disembark'd.

Ad. K. Set fire to it then, I'll not leave a Wall standing.—Call General *Littlefame*, and let us have a Council of War; I have some fresh Orders here, come by the *V——* Sloop, as yet unopen'd— [Exit.]

Lieu. Have you made Signal for the Officers in Council?

Sail.

Sail. Ay! Ay! Sir, the Boats are a-long-side.

Lieu. Where's *Tom Tipple*? Bid him make the Council-Bowl—there's no talking without a Wet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Island Aix.*

The Men revelling and drinking, the Inhabitants in a Fright, not knowing where to bide.

1 *Sold.* Hallo *Tom*, here's a Cagg of choice *Burgundy*—let's knock the Head out.

2 *Sold.* [*drunk.*] Find some Gin, and leave the *Burgamy* alone.

3 *Sold.* Ha, ha, ha,—*Tom* thinks himself at Home, where Gin's as soon had as called for; why you Fool, you're in *France* now, among a half-starv'd Crew, that never saw a Cagg of Gin in all their Days.

2 *Sold.* Then I shall die for Want, that's poss.

1 *Sold.* Hey-day! What have we here?

3 *Sold.* By this Light a Man! and a Coward I warrant, by his skulking behind the Bed—Hawl him out, *Jack*.

2 *Sold.* A Man in *France*? Let's look at him—for by St. George I thought there had not been one in the Country.—Faugh!

damn him, how he stinks of Garlick—but harkee, if you'll bring me a good plump Wench, I'll forgive you being a *Frenchman*, for I have kept Fast a tedious Time.

Frenchm. Ja na puro pas, me not o'Man, me no parlez Anglois.

3 *Sold.* Jack, suppose I change Hats with him, my Beaver's none of the best, and his has Lace on't.

Frenchm. Ay mon pouvre Chappeau.

2 *Sold.* Take his Wig and Coat, and they'll take you for a Captain on board.

3 *Sold.* So I will,—Come strip.

Sailors without.

1 *Sail.* Come along, Mizzen! [*entring*] Hallo! What are you at here?

1 *Sold.* Only changing Cloaths with his new Comrade there.

2 *Sail.* With all my Heart, and I'll change Shirts; for I han't had a clean one since I left Shore. Come, off with it—hey-day! what's here, a Neck and Sleeves! How the Devil shall I wear it without a Body?

2 *Sold.* I told you he was no Man, and now you find it true—he wants the Body.

3 *Sail.* Well my Buck, has't got any Drink? Push the Cann about.

2 *Sold.* Aye, curse on't—I have drink'd till I can hold no more, yet cannot quench my Thirst with this damn'd *Burgamy*.

1 *Sold.*

1 *Sold.* Hark! the Drum beats to Arms; see what's the Matter.

1 *Sail.* The Enemy have risen, arm'd with Pokers, Tongs and Shovels, — here's the Militia of a whole Alley come against us.

Enter Halberd.

Hal. Why you Sots, have you no Ears? The Drum has beat to Arms this Hour,—the Troops must be on Board again by Ten.

2 *Sold.* Then we have an Hour to stay, and I'll not budge an Inch before my Time, Damme.

Hal. Then I must drive you——

[*Draws his Sword, and beats 'em off.*]

SCENE V. *Adm. Kite's Cabbin.*

The Admirals Kite, Buck, Shift, and *Capt.* Strike, ——— *the Generals* Little-fame, Hardy, and Stern, &c. &c. in *Council.*

Little. To land, in my Opinion's wrong; I have had five Days Thoughts concerning it, and each Day find it more and more impracticable.

Hard. I can't conceive, Sir, the Difficulty; give me five hundred Men, and even those Irregulars, I'll make a feint Descent upon the Coast,

Coast, to amuse the Foe, while you perfect the Disembarkation of the Whole, at whatever Place your better Wisdom shall approve.

Stern. Your Sentiments, Sir, I cannot approve. 'Tis hazardous, which Hazard may be attended with a mighty Loss.

Kite. Gentlemen, your Disputes must have an End—the Fleet is called Home.

Little. On what Account?

Kite. My Advices say but this—the Affairs in G——y demand us back. Captain *Strike*, your Courage is approv'd; you well employed your Ship.

Strike. My Ship!—Sir, had I known what I went against, my Long-Boat should have took it. My little Service hitherto has poorly recompenc'd the Nation's Cost; but give me Leave, and with my single Ship alone I'll make a Conquest of the Isles of *Ree* and *Oleron*, nay, forfeit Life, if fail in the Attempt.

Ommes. Rash, rash—it must not be.

Strike. Gentlemen I have done, my Country's Service claims my Heart's best Blood——but if not permitted——

Buck. Then 'tis not expected—Gentlemen, on what do you resolve? If an Attempt to disembark, 'tis Time we should proceed: If to return, where's the Merit in loitering here?

Shift.

Shift. Our landing, as is appears to me, will in the Attempt meet Repulse: For Instance, the Shore is now become a Battery to its full Extent, from which our detached Companies must receive a continued Fire for six or seven Hours, before a second Disembarkation can be made, the Transports lying at least two Leagues from Shore, and two Encampments of the Foe continually in View; so these Things considered, I think it best we should return, nor hazard the Attempt.

Omnes. Return, return.

Strike. I have five hundred Prisoners, how are they to be disposed?

Little. Take them to *England*—Prisoners of War can never fail to grace a Conquest.

Omnes. Agreed! agreed! *England* ho! Huzza! &c. &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *A Chamber.*

Enter Sir John Old Castle and Lord Lion.

O. C. Well, my Lord, what News; is the Fleet recalled?

Lion. I dispatched two S—s, and if the Wind hold in this Point, I shall expect them every Hour.

O. C. Then I'll dispatch an Order to the Court of—, for G——l Bigg's Release; the

the Purchase paid, the Goods should be sent Home; have you any private News of my Lord Loud?

Lion. Not the least.

O. C. Nay it matters not, he's quiet enough.

Enter Mr. Deep, Mr. Toe, and Mr. Reynard.

Rey. Sir *John* your most obedient; my Lord, Diligence, I find, does Business—the F——t's in Sight.

O. C. Indeed!

Deep. Yes Sir, so I have Advice—how People will take this Disappointment of their Hopes and Expectations, I know not, but greatly fear the Event.

Toe. It seems they have brought five hundred Prisoners home, and for no other Purpose than to shew them how we live, and help to eat us up.

Deep. Had they brought the whole Island away they lay before, I know no great Feat it would have been.—I assure you I shall vindicate myself to the Public from any scandalous Aspersions that may be cast on me.

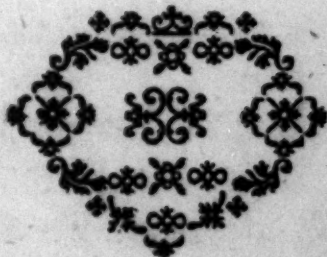
Rey. Mr. *Deep*, I thought you a Man of that happy Temper, it was not in the Power of any earthly Thing to ruffle you.

Deep. Sir, I have my Tempers and my Speeches;

Speeches; the one should be moderated by Reason; the other, communing with the Heart by Honesty and Truth, made perfect: Then would each Sound charm the listening Ear, and joy the Deity that gave it Utterance. So Mr. *Reynard*, and Gentlemen, I have no more to say than this—Honesty is every Man's best Principle.

*And may he never know one Joy's Increase,
That would with Treason wound his Country's Peace.*

F I N I S.



Speeches; the one should be moderated by
 Reason; the other, communing with the
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 Then would each sound charm the listening
 Ear, and joy the Deity that gave it utter-
 ance. So Mr. Ryland, and Gentlemen, I
 have no more to say than this—Honesty is
 every Man's best Principle.

And may he never know our Joy's increase
 That would with Treason wound his Country's Peace.

F 50 4 2



